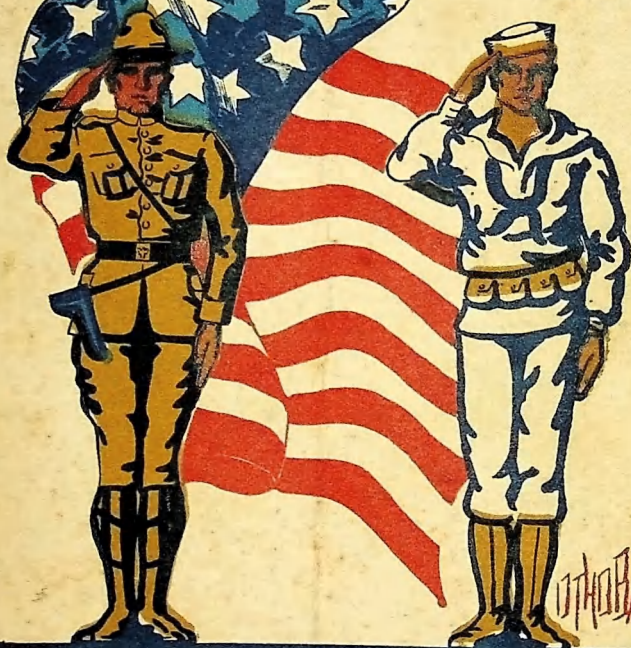


FOUR CORNERS



PATRIOTIC NUMBER
- JUNE, 1918 -



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Right near the water.

A quiet, moderate-priced House.

Ideal place for rest or pleasure. Electric lighted throughout.
Garage Accommodations.

(Rates \$15 Up)

Special Rates for Entire Season.

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Men's and Boy's Clothes of the Better Kind.

Portland,

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PROUTS NECK, ME.

Open for Season 1918

Buy Automobiles on "Guarantee Time Plan"
Northway High Speed Trailer Cars solves your hauling problems.

Agents for One and Two Ton Dearborn
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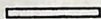
R. R. Jordan,

Prouts Neck, Me.

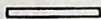
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Maine

Say you saw it in "The Four Corners"



A Most Striking Display of Graduation Dresses

So many parents and their daughters look to us for the selection of what to wear on this auspicious occasion that we find ourselves giving more and more attention to the gathering of a collection that is at once exclusive.

We invite your inspection of the models we have on display

We are also ready to supply the accessories for graduation, such as stockings, gloves, underwear, ribbons, pearl beads, corsets, waists, white skirts etc., all at very moderate prices.

Owen, Moore & Co.,

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Dinners Accomodated

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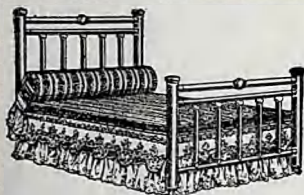
ANTON HAHN
Sausage Manufacturer
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS
Saco and Biddeford Maine

Plummer's Ins. Agency,

All Kinds of INSURANCE placed in the strongest
companies that exist.

Office 121 Exchange Street, PORTLAND, MAINE

OUR SACO STORE



is near you and we deliver free of charge.

The three large floors in this big brick building is simply jammed full of everything in

FURNITURE

Our Biddeford store is as large as our Saco store and caters to all who think of saving money.

We are in a position to save you money and we ask you to look over our lines and see our **Low Prices.**

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H. P. Atkinson & Sons. Inc.

Atkinson Bldg., Saco

Two Big Stores

Atkinson Bldg., Biddeford

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YORK COUNTY'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE
is ready with new summer stocks of Coats, Wash Dresses, Waists,
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all the other little accessories that go to make up a stylish ward-
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POPULAR PRICES

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Booksellers, Stationers, Newsdealers
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Newest Novelties in Footwear.

AT

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136 MAIN STREET

BIDDEFORD

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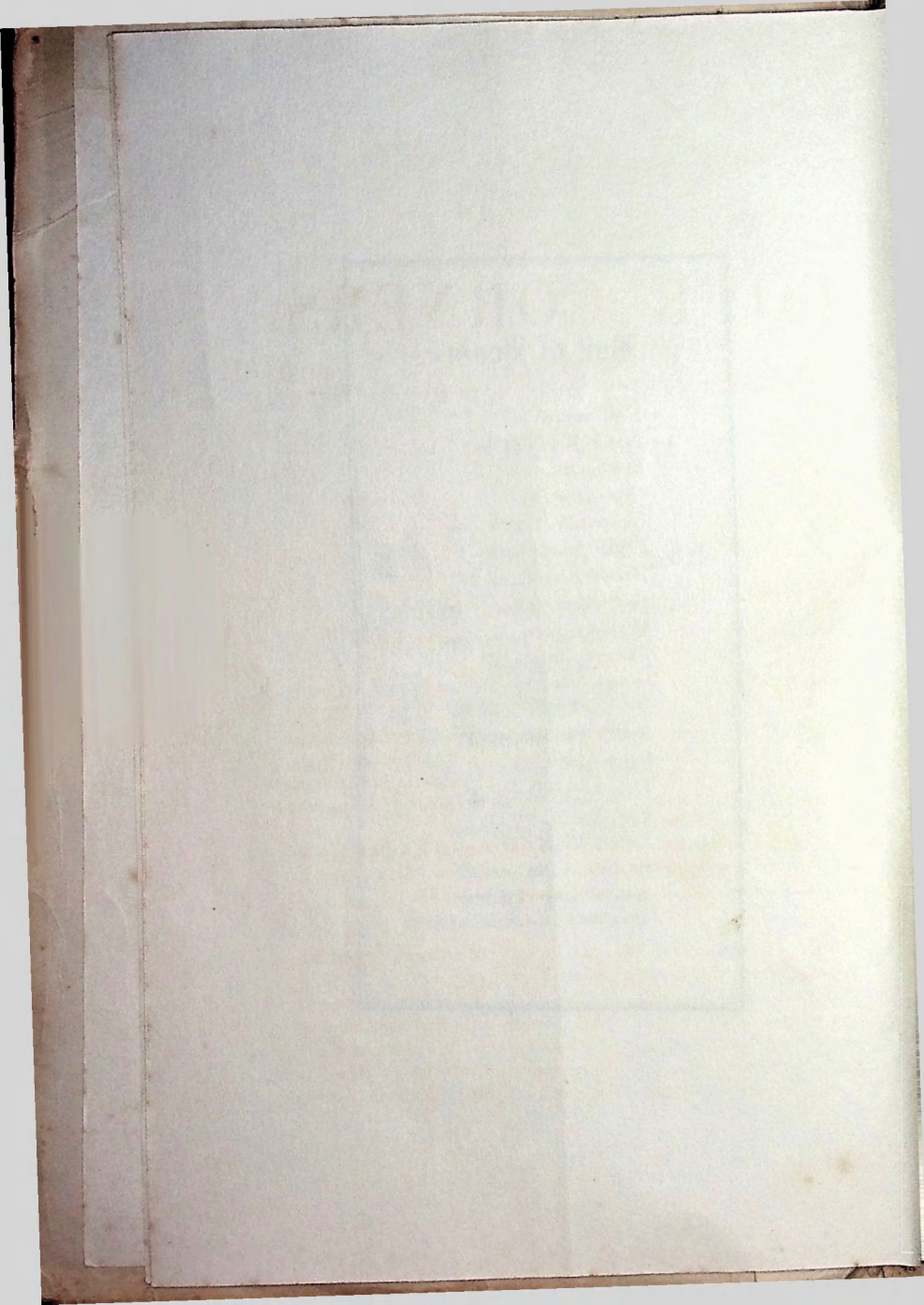
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T. L. Evans & CO., Biddeford, Maine

We carry a complete line of

**Kitchen Furnishings, Cuttlery, Enameled Ware, Silverware,
Nickel and Copper Goods, Wooden Ware, Tinware, Toys,
Baskets, etc., China, Crockery, Glassware, Dinner Sets, etc.,
Fancy Dry Goods and Stationery.**

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FOUR CORNERS.

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1918.

NO. 1.

Editorials.

	1917-1918	1918-1919
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<i>Assistant Manager</i>	DORIS FOGG	HARRIET KNIGHT
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	<i>Class Editors (1917-1918)</i>	
VIOLA LEARY, '21	VELMA LEONARD, '20	HERMAN ROUNDS, '19
	CLARA SEAVEY, '18	
	<i>Class Editors (1918-1919)</i>	
AGNES SEAVEY, '21	HELEN BAKER, '20	ALMA SEAVEY, '19

The school year began with the same teachers as last, but a change came in February when Mr. Small was called to Portland High. We all felt sorry to have Mr. Small leave us, but were fortunate in securing Mr. Waterhouse, who was unable to continue his services longer than the remainder of the term.

At the beginning of the spring term we welcomed Mr. Bessey, who has been with us since that time. The school has tried to keep its high standard in spite of the many changes in faculty.

This year, as last, the high cost of material makes it impossible to publish more than one issue of the FOUR CORNERS.

We have tried, however, to make this publication as pleasing to our readers as our former issues, and we hope that something of interest may be found between these covers. We wish to thank heartily all those who have in any way contributed or helped to make this paper a success. We wish to extend our thanks also to

our advertisers, without whose assistance this publication would not have been possible.

CITIZENSHIP AND THE SCHOOL.

The attempt to realize, to its fullest extent, a government of, by, and for the people, represents probably the greatest of all social experiments, one in which great possibilities for advancement or detriment are alike included.

The success of such a government depends almost entirely upon the quality of its citizens, and the efficiency of such a government cannot exceed the efficiency of its citizens. Therefore in order to have a good and efficient government we must have good and efficient citizens.

Under the more autocratic forms of government the one man or group of men in power is the supreme factor, on them rests the whole responsibility for the success or failure of the nation which they represent. But in a great democratic republic such as ours, the people are the government; the power necessary to the existence of our nation resides in the people, in you and me. Every one of us is a unit and an important unit in the government of our United States. It behooves us, then, to maintain the highest ideals possible, and to fit ourselves to be worthy citizens of this wonderful nation, to make ourselves worthy to uphold those noble principles embodied in our constitution. The first and most necessary requirement of the average citizen is a good education. The schools are becoming more and more essential to our life and well being. Our national power and national greatness has its birth in the schools.

An unusual illustration of the power wielded by the schools is furnished by the fact that the source of that terrible force—Kultur—which has made the whole world tremble on its very foundation can be traced to the German school system. This should serve as a warning not to underestimate the value of our good schools and their influence in opposition to that evil bred in those of Germany.

Today our country is facing perhaps its gravest crisis; the time has come when it must utilize every one of its vast resources, a

time fraught with sacrifice and suffering. Now, if ever, we must attain our utmost efficiency.

furnished by the fact that the source of that terrible force which has made the whole world tremble on its very foundation can be traced to the German school system. This should serve as a warn-

Therefore it is especially incumbent on the young people of America that they shall not neglect their education, and that those who have keep, and that those who have not, strive to attain a high standard of culture and scholarship. The spirit of loyalty and patriotism fostered in the schools will remain with them thru life, helping to build up a strong, virile and efficient race.

EDITOR.

HITCHING OUR WAGON TO A STAR.

In a few days we shall end our school work for this year and shall be looking for a summer's job. Perhaps some of us have secured a position, with a salary that looks big to us boys, especially big at this time, because now we can get as much as men have been paid in the past few years. It is big money for us who are now in high school. Or perhaps we are wondering where we can best work this summer to help our government win the war and end militarism and selfish autocratic ambition. What can we do in these few vacation months?

This is a relatively easy question for us in the Scarboro High School to answer, because most of us live on farms or near farms. With the crying need from our allies for food, with the urgent appeals from Washington for us to raise more and more crops than last year, and with the shortage of farm help here in Scarboro, resulting from the fact that so many of our brothers and friends have nobly answered the call to arms, it is plainly our duty to stay on the farm and to work hard on the farm all summer long. We must have as large gardens as possible, larger than ever before, to raise enough table vegetables for ourselves and others. We must have more potatoes, in spite of the fact that they are plentiful this spring. We must raise enough wheat, oats and corn for ourselves and more for others in Maine who have not our advantages here in Scarboro. Thus we can help solve the food problem, the labor shortage and

transportation difficulty, because the more food we raise, the less will have to be shipped to Maine from the West, thereby saving cars, coal and labor for our war work.

If we work for our parents we will save them large sums of money which would have to be paid out for hired help at wages hitherto unheard of. Perhaps in dull times on the farm we can get out and earn a few dollars for ourselves. Or perhaps we can work for others on their farms or at the shore, and thus earn large sums for boys and girls of our strength and ability. After we get this money, what are we going to do with it? Some of us will unwisely and guiltily say, "Have a good time at Old Orchard; go to the movies in Portland, or to the dances in Saco and Biddeford. Why not?"

"Why not?" is a big question, a selfish question, when there are so many worthy causes around us,—the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army,—crying for money; when the prices of food and clothing are gradually climbing higher and higher; a Narrow-Minded, Short-Sighted question with the ranks of our *leaders* in business, industry, commerce, labor, the professions, and the engineering branches being rapidly depleted. Never before in the whole history of the world have there been such times to live in or to prepare for. This country is demanding *Leaders* during the rushing, back-breaking war. The world will demand thousands of Leaders, picked men, in the arduous days of reorganization after the war. Scarboro High has done well so far in the war in sending so many of its former students to the training camps and "over there." We, its present students, will not be lagging in our duties. Scarboro, with its wholesome homes, its country spirit, its hard work, good food and pure air, should be the training ground for leaders. We are going to be those leaders—if we keep our eyes on the goal of leadership—the professions or industry.

So it behooves each one of us to think of the future, to think of the college or technical school that will best fit us for our leadership; and to save our money, that we may have the required means to go to the best school for our instructions, training and discipline in the line of endeavor in which we are to lead. More than farming, more than working in the shipyards or the ammunition factories, more than going to work for the fabulous wages now being paid, it is our *Patriotic Duty* to stick to our schooling, to "plug hard" at our daily

school work, to earn money for a college or technical school education and to save that money. President Wilson says:

"I would particularly urge upon the young people who are leaving our high schools that as many of them as can, do so avail themselves this year of the opportunities offered by the colleges and technical schools, to the end that the industries of the country may not lack an adequate supply of trained men and women."

What Dr. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, says to pupils in the High Schools of the United States, is:

"I wish to urge all who graduate from high school this year and who possibly can do so, to enter some institution of higher learning.

. . . I appeal to you as you love your country and mankind, that you make full use of every opportunity offered by our colleges and all other institutions to gain all possible preparation for the mighty tasks that lie before, possibly in war and certainly in peace."

President Wilson and Dr. Claxton are but two among the many clear-sighted men who are warning the pupils of our secondary schools against the temptation to forego a college education. We must let nothing short of absolute necessity deprive us of the education with which we can best serve the Republic. We all understand the need of camp trained Americans during the war. But there is grave danger that we may not fully realize the need of college trained Americans to undertake the tasks the country must face *after* the war.

So let us of Scarboro High School do our part by looking ahead at our goal of serving our Republic as Leaders, and of preparing ourselves for that leadership by hard work on the farms this summer and in the schools, normal schools and colleges next fall, and thus help Scarboro to be the leading town in the country.

PORTLAND, MAINE, June 1, 1918.

To My Friends in the Scarboro High School:

Since I left you last February I have had a splendid opportunity to observe you and your work from a short distance and have been very pleased with the results you have attained. There is only one reason why you might not do as well as any student in a larger school. That reason is yourself. Are you willing to put, and do you

put, as much hard work, hard study, on the subjects that are well taught as do the students of the larger schools? If you do, you can safely compete with them in the higher institutions of learning. I sincerely hope that each one of you is thinking and planning to go to the college, normal school or technical school that will train you in your best line of endeavor, because this country is now demanding leaders in war and will most certainly demand more leaders in peace after the world war is over. Scarboro has done well in all of the various war activities up to this time, and yet has one more task, —to furnish its quota of leaders in peace as well as in war. Whether she does or not, depends entirely on you, and on your capabilities and on your perseverance.

To get that leadership you must have special training, of which your high school course is one step. Then comes the normal school or college. Money need not stand in your way. Every college has funds to help young men and women of limited means to obtain the college training they need to attack the tasks facing us in our own country. The students to whom the scholarships are given are chosen for character, mental ability, physical fitness, and promise of future usefulness. To those who choose a career for the possibilities of the SERVICE it affords, the yearly allowances are given outright; for those who choose a business career or one that yields material returns, the allowances are lent, to be returned within a reasonable time. They are sufficient to relieve the scholars from the financial stress and worry that often lessen or divert a student's energies.

College trained men and university trained men are demanded as the leaders in our business, labor, industries, and national life. Are you going to be those leaders? I am sure that you all will be successful in the lines of endeavor that you undertake, if you only put the *best of yourself* into your work.

So I wish you success and happiness, and always remain,

Your friend,

VEO F. SMALL.

PATRIOTISM.

Today flags are flying all over the land as never before and in every

city the uniforms of our country's soldiers and sailors are seen in great numbers. America has experienced a rebirth of patriotism. Except in a few out-of-the-way places, intense patriotism is everywhere in evidence, and nearly everyone is being stirred by the common desire to serve his country—the country of freedom and democracy.

True patriotism manifests itself in service, and an opportunity is offered to every person in the United States to exemplify his patriotism in some particular line of service. We are proud of the boys from Scarborough, who have gladly and unreservedly given themselves to the service of the country, for thereby they are showing true patriotism in the extreme. But to all of us this privilege is not extended. Every patriotic American, if not privileged to shoulder the gun, should be asking himself, "What can I do? How can I help?" The answer is this. Show these boys, our representatives at the battlefield, that we are with them heart and soul. Exercise a true patriotic spirit in giving to the many institutions which render service to them and to the Allies.

This spirit has already shown itself in three great Liberty Loan subscriptions, aggregating several billions of dollars, in Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. subscriptions, in adherence to food and fuel regulations, and in many other ways. Scarborough has responded nobly in subscribing to the Liberty Bond issues. It has made a splendid showing in the Red Cross drive and greatly exceeded its quota. It has gone "over the top" on every call for the support of the war. The schools have been especially interested in the War Savings Stamp campaign and nearly every pupil in school has bought stamps. Several boys in Scarborough High School have already enlisted in the Junior Volunteers for work during the coming months. Last year several pupils made a substantial offering to the problem of food production through their home gardens and are planning to do more of this work this year. The only way to bring about an early and successful termination of the war is by doing such things as these, however small and trivial they may seem to be.

As Americans, we all have a distinct duty to perform. Let us rejoice in this splendid opportunity for us to do our part. Any sacrifice that we are called on to make, let us do it cheerfully for the sake of our country which we have learned to love as never before. Let us all be unanimous in our loyalty to our government, for in no other way can we make the world "safe for democracy."

Literary.

A LITTLE GRAY ROADSTER.

On a deserted, muddy, country road, two miles from any buildings, was a small, gray roadster, sunk a foot or more in the soft mud. The car was covered with clay, which had dried and given the car a rather spotted effect. At the wheel sat a young girl clothed in a khaki cloak and cap. At a closer examination, one might see the locks of curly coal black hair which strayed from under the tight fitting band of the cap, and blew against her flushed and rosy cheeks. From dark eyelashes shone two bright eyes which appeared black, as one looked into their almost fathomless depth. From between fresh red lips shone two rows of even teeth. It was a beautiful face of a young girl, and every line of the face showed determination, courage, and a strong will power.

But at present the whole face portrayed a picture of perplexity. For Mary Winthrop was a Red Cross nurse, "somewhere in France," and was on her way to administer to the comfort of a trainload of American soldiers who were on their way to the front. Now everything seemed lost. She had driven her car too near the mud-soaked section of the road. The wheels had slipped in the wet clay; her car was thrown into the midst of the mud, where it seemed willing to remain from that time on, in spite of Mary's many but futile attempts to release it. Discouraged, tired and muddy, she sank back on the seat of her car, threw her gloves on the empty seat beside her, covered her eyes with her small hands, and tried to think of some means of freeing her car from the irresistible clutch of the wet clay.

She would be too late if she walked to the station, five miles distant. The houses for miles around had been deserted since the outbreak of the war, so it was useless to go after help, and she certainly could not stay there. The only thing left to do was to walk three miles back to headquarters. She had almost made up her mind to do it, when the welcome sound of an automobile horn met her attentive ears. With an excited jump, she distinguished a large black touring car coming down the road at a breakneck pace, swaying first to one side of the road, then to the other. At the wheel sat a

young English officer, whose face was a picture of excitement, anxiety, and pain.

Opposite the little gray roadster, the car stopped, and leaning over the side of the car, the officer shouted, "A French hospital has been shelled, many are wounded, and I am after some Red Cross nurses, but I can't find anyone at the Headquarters. What shall I do?"

Mary's courage and tact arose to meet the occasion. She explained that all the nurses were at the station and gladly pointed out the way to him. But the officer, observing the condition of the car, invited her to ride back with him. When she had climbed into the car, she noticed that his right arm had been hurriedly bandaged and that his head was badly cut. In reply to her questioning look, he told her that he had been slightly wounded. Mary's heart swelled with pride and pity when she thought of this brave young officer who had come all these miles driving the car with his arm lying helpless at his side. It was the work of only a few minutes for the skilled hands to bandage the wounded head, to apply splints to the broken and badly bruised arm. Then, pushing aside the protests of the officer, whose name was Lucien Dale, she took her seat at the wheel, and the car was soon on its way. In less time than I can tell, the car was speeding back over the road to the hospital, followed by a carload of nurses and supplies.

During the two weary months which followed, it was Mary's kind and patient hand that nursed Lucien back to life, for a terrible, slow and almost fatal fever followed the accident. It was Mary who administered to the wants and comforts of the soldiers. It was Mary who smoothed the death pillow and closed the eyes of many a brave young soldier. It was she who wrote back home to break the sad or good news to the mother. It was she who cheered the tired, overworked nurses and doctors, but what Lucien considers her greatest work was the restoring him back to life. Is it any wonder that Lucien Dale boasts that he is the proudest and happiest man alive, since he claims Mary as his own private nurse?

RUTH LINCOLN, '18.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY ANN.

The fishermen of Baldwin Cove were very superstitious people. They did not believe that the land was a very safe place to live on, so for this reason they lived in old boats drawn up on the beach.

Sitting in the door of one of these strange dwellings was an old man. He had in his hand a small boat, which he was making out of a block of wood. Beside him was a boy of twelve, who was watching the construction of the boat with eager interest.

"Isn't it most done now, Uncle Obed?" he asked.

"Yes, Jack, it's all done," Uncle Obed replied, as he looked closely at the keel.

"Good," said Jack heartily, "what shall we call it?"

"Well," said the old man, handing it to Jack, "I think we'll call it the Mary Ann."

"Isn't that the name of the old wreck over there on the rocks?" inquired the boy further.

"It is, as sure as my name is Obediah Perkins," was the reply.

"Say, Uncle, tell me about that, won't you?" Jack asked, and as he saw the old man begin to shake his head he added, "Please."

"Well, I don't care, all right," assented the "Cap'n," as he was called.

"Way back about ten years ago, the Mary Ann was the fastest sailer in these parts. She always was the first into port with her load of fish, and always the first back to the fishing grounds.

"One day, after all the other schooners had took up anchor and started toward home, the Mary Ann stayed for a little while, as she had just found a good place.

"About an hour after the others had left, dark clouds began to show in the nor'east. When the cap'n saw these he started back home as fast as canvas would take him. When about half way back the squall struck them. They had to take down all sails or the vessel would have capsized. All that night and the next day the storm raged. Just as the storm was letting up, a large piece of driftwood rammed her, broadside on, making a hole one foot wide in the bow.

"The men thought all was up, but the cap'n with the help of the mate nailed a piece of canvas over the hole and piled the fish against

it, while the rest of the crew kept at the pumps.

"Just as they were entering the bay, a cross-current took them on the rocks over there. Some of the crew swam ashore, but the cap'n stayed to care for a sailor whose leg was broken by one of the falling masts.

"Well, the schooner began to sink, and the cap'n, seeing there was nothing else to do, took the sailor and tried to get him to shore, but the current carried them against the rocks. Three of the cap'n's ribs were broken, but for all this he managed to pull the sailor upon the rocks and finally to get up there himself. Pretty soon the life-boat came out and rescued both. The cap'n got a medal for saving the sailor's life."

"I'm glad of that," said Jack, and boy-like added, "Say, Uncle, what was that captain's name?"

"Well," said Uncle Obed, who now seemed to become rather confused, "he usually went by the name of Obediah Perkins."

R. LEON LEARY, '21.

HOW A FAITHFUL DOG SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

The Red Cross has many dogs which help them in their work. These dogs go out on the field after a battle, sometimes carrying water for the wounded, but mostly to find the injured men and take a hat or some other article of the soldier's back to the Red Cross nurses for a clue in finding and giving aid to the wounded.

Among these dogs there was a large, black and white St. Bernard dog, more skillful than the rest. Reno had been taken from Belgium, as he was large, strong and very intelligent. This dog helped many a poor soldier who was suffering on the battlefield, but there was always a sad look in his soft brown eyes, for he was continually on the lookout for his master, whom he had parted with when he came to work for the Red Cross. Reno had often thought of running away to hunt for him, but after a time he seemed to know how much the people depended upon his assistance. It was better to stay with these people, for they were very good to him. Yet he always kept his eyes and ears open for his beloved master.

One day the Red Cross moved farther toward the fighting line in the region of bursting shells and the roar of guns. After the terrible

battle was over, the dogs were sent as usual to the field. Reno was trotting over the further side of the shell-torn ground, when he came upon a soldier moaning, because of a severe wound in his side and leg. Reno hastened toward him, smelled of him, and then he began to jump around him in delight, almost wild with joy, for he recognized his own master. The next minute the faithful dog noticed that his master did not move or seem at all glad to see him, so he ran as fast as he could to the Red Cross hut and came back with aid for his master. He followed the stretcher bearers back again, among the frightful scenes to the hut, saw where his master was placed, and hung around the lean-to, until someone told him to go out again on his duty. As soon as he could, he came back and sat beside the bed of his master. Reno was very quiet now, but the sad expression was gone from his eyes.

It was many weeks before the sick man recognized anybody, but at last, when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw were the wistful eyes of Reno, who wagged his bushy tail and put his nose lovingly into the sick man's hand. A nurse came up just then and told how Reno had spent every spare moment by his bedside and that if it had not been for the dog his life might have been lost.

After this, Reno spent many happy days with his master, who devoted himself to helping the Red Cross. After he regained his health and his wounds were healed, he and the dog gave their services to the Red Cross. Now Reno had a lighter heart and soon was known as the most faithful dog of the staff.

AGNES SEAVEY, '21.

A TRIP TO PORTLAND.

Early this spring our Superintendent, Mr. F. A. B. Heald, invited the members of the Senior class to visit Portland.

We took the car leaving Oak Hill at 8.45 A. M. After arriving in Portland, we first visited Jackson Grammar School, where we were introduced to a teacher who had taught Mr. Heald when he attended the grammar school. While we were there she had a class in Language, and it was very interesting to see the influential method she used, and the way the children grasped any new subject that she might introduce.

From there we went to the room across the corridor and visited one of the lower grades. There they demonstrated the children's singing, which gave us an idea of the new method of teaching it.

One instance that showed the patriotic drilling of the children, both at home and at school, was when they were called upon to select a song. It was interesting to note the quickness in which they would pass by a German song.

At recess we passed out into another room to see the patriotic drill, which was originated by one of the teachers in the school and accomplished by the small children in time with the music of a Victrola. This showed the skilful manner in which they had been drilled and the patriotic feeling which they hold for their country.

After visiting several other rooms, we went to the Portland High School and visited the Senior English and also the Commercial Law classes.

Later Mr. Heald told us that Mr. Jack had kindly consented to give us a short talk on the different vocations pertaining to life, which he thought would be the most beneficial to the young people after they left High School.

As we passed through a small room, where several young men were seated, to Mr. Jack's office, we could not understand why the boys laughed so heartily as we entered the office. But later we learned that there was where the unruly boys were taken for correction.

Mr. Jack's talk, which was very interesting and beneficial to us, was thoroughly appreciated by us all.

It was now the noon hour, and to our very pleasant surprise Mr. Heald took us to the Falmouth Hotel, where we had a very enjoyable dinner.

Although it was snowing quite hard, it did not interfere with our good time. From the hotel we went to Gray's Business College, where they explained the method of teaching the different classes.

Then we went out into the brisk snow storm again, and walked to the city hall. After looking around in the different rooms we came to the city clerk's office. After receiving a cordial welcome from the city clerk, he very kindly showed us the method they have of filing away the records pertaining to the city. Then we were taken into

the vault and shown the large volumes of books containing the city records of years ago. One thing of interest when looking at these books was the plain, legible handwriting, which you don't often see at the present time.

On leaving the city hall, we started in the direction of the public library, but as it was getting late we decided to go home.

We all appreciate the friendliness and kindness of Mr. Heald towards us. Together with the very enjoyable time, we learned a great deal, and we shall long remember that day of pleasure which Mr. Heald gave us.

DORIS E. FOGG, '18.

THE BLUNDER OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

The Burleigh family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh, their twenty-one-year-old daughter, Ruth, and their ten-year-old son, Jack, lived in the great house on the hill. Mr. Burleigh was very rich, so their home was beautifully furnished and the family had everything they wanted. They were the richest family and the recognized society leaders of the little country village of Elmdale, where their summer home was situated. Here they spent many happy hours, especially Jack and his Collie pup, Shep.

This year valuable articles began to disappear. First, Mrs. Burleigh lost her diamond ring, then Ruth's watch was nowhere to be found. Other things of value went also, but the climax was reached when the silver spoons began to go. The servants were questioned, but all had been in the employ of the family for years, so it was not expected to have a chance to accuse them. At last Mr. Burleigh declared that he was going to town that very day to hire a detective.

When he returned he was slightly disappointed, for he had not been able to secure an experienced detective, only an amateur, whose name was Richard Wood. Mr. Wood had preferred to remain at the village hotel, where he could study the village folk and all the visitors to the town, but half of his time was spent in the shrubbery which surrounded the Burleigh home.

One night about one o'clock he saw a man come running from the house and hurry down the street, but it was so dark that he did not recognize him. The next night he saw no one, but the second night

he saw the same man. "Ha! he doesn't dare come two nights right off. The evidence is pretty strong. Next time we'll get him," thought Mr. Woods, but he had to wait three days before he saw the culprit again, and then he could not reach him.

So it lasted, until the night that the Burleighs gave a party. The house was lighted from top to bottom and as Mr. Woods took his stand, he could not help wishing that he was inside. His thoughts were suddenly disturbed by a noise, the back door burst open, and a man ran down the steps. "Hands up!" cried Mr. Woods, as he hastily jumped toward the man. The person thus accosted stopped and demanded sharply, "What do you want? Let me pass! It is absolutely necessary that I get back to town immediately."

"Very likely," sneered the detective, "you seem in a hurry, but first we'll see Mr. Burleigh and you will give up that silver."

Without giving the supposed robber time to answer, he led him roughly to the back door, where he demanded to see Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh at once. They came immediately and with them came Ruth, who, when she saw the man, cried in amazement, "Oh, Gordon, didn't you get the train? Why are you back and why do you look so white? Tell me, dear."

Mr. Woods seemed dazed and was still more so when he was informed that his robber was Gordon March, Ruth's fiancé. It was explained to him that Gordon often came from town to spend the evening with Ruth and, needless to say, left just in time to get his train.

Mr. Burleigh was thoroughly disgusted with all kinds of detectives, especially amateurs, and ordered Mr. Woods out of his house and out of town, saying that he would send him a check next day, even if he didn't deserve it, because he had promised to pay so much. But still the missing silver remained a mystery in the household.

Two mornings later Jack came running to his mother with a silver spoon in his hand, saying that he had taken it from Shep. His mother told him to give it back to Shep and then follow him to see where he put it. Shep went straight to the small hollow back of the house and there, having persuaded the gardener to dig, they found all the articles which had been lost during the summer, and which

also was a chance for Mr. Burleigh to use more strong terms concerning detectives.

ABBIE SMALL, '20.

THE BENEFIT OF ATHLETICS.

There is an old saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

I consider athletics of great benefit to anyone, because it makes one strong in both mind and body.

It sometimes requires some very quick thinking, as one must know almost by instinct what to do and how to do it with speed and accuracy.

Athletic sports are also a very pleasant relaxation from work and they make one, in time, very much stronger and healthier. After a long day in the schoolroom a brisk game of ball in the open air will effectually banish a headache, help straighten one's shoulders, and make the blood circulate freely, while a few weeks' practice in spare hours will put the body in excellent condition.

Athletics also develop the power of endurance. For example, very few would be able to stand the strain of a mile running race, but careful, steady practice will develop and harden the muscles surprisingly.

A noted philosopher once said, "A sound mind is in a sound body," and it holds true in almost every case in relation to the school work.

The spirit of loyalty and a desire to work are also developed in a school by athletic sports. Many of the schools maintain a certain standard, and one who is below that standard is not allowed to play in any game. The student in a school who may not enjoy studying but who does like athletics may be influenced very much by these conditions, and will try to maintain a good standard.

Theodore Roosevelt, when young, was a pale, weak boy, but by out-of-door sports and games, combined with hard study, he developed both mind and body, until at last he achieved the greatest honor any American can win—the presidential chair.

CLARENCE A. LARY, '21.

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

While attending the weekly meetings of the Joan of Arc Circle, a branch society working for the Red Cross, the President of the circle gave the following notice: "Any girl wishing to be a fairy godmother to some American soldier may write to the 'Red Cross Godmother Bureau'."

As soon as Bernadine discovered this, her first thought was of her good and gentle brother who always spoke in words of the highest praise of his own fairy godmother. Thus she decided to send in her name, never realizing what it would mean to her later.

After waiting about a month she received no answer so that she thought no more of the circumstance. Two months elapsed when she received a letter in a strange and unfamiliar handwriting. At first it did not dawn upon her that the letter was not from her brother, so she read the contents. To her surprise, the writer of the unexpected epistle proved to be a young man about twenty-eight years of age, whose name was Richard Crowe. Bernadine soon realized that this was a homesick soldier writing to her. He told her that he was alone in the world, having no living relatives. The girl, in turn, took pity upon him and wrote him many cheerful letters, telling him of the hopes of his native country.

After corresponding about a year, Bernadine received no more letters. Then she realized that she was missing something.

When she heard that there were three wounded soldiers coming to her home town to speak on the terrible conditions which confront us in the present war, she decided to attend the meeting. Often she seemed to feel that she would sometime see this brave soldier somewhere and frequently she would draw out the little photo and scan the faces of the various passersby if they wore the well-known khaki.

As she entered the hall that evening, a gentleman was already speaking of the wonderful service of the Red Cross. She was seized with a sudden and almost overwhelming feeling of pity for this sadly wounded soldier. She scanned the face with eagerness, and to her great surprise she realized that this must be "her" soldier, but on a second thought it seemed almost impossible.

She continued to be uneasy while he was speaking. Soon his

words seemed to be pounding against her brain. He was praising the women for their cheerful letters to the soldier boys "over there". Then with a distant yearning look, he said in a low voice, "My fairy godmother cheered me many long and weary hours after my turn in the trenches. She used to live in this city. When I was wounded, my mail did not reach me until too late. If I only could see her I would—" Then he realized that he was speaking to an audience and he suddenly turned red in the face and lowering his eyes, he immediately turned the subject of his speech.

Bernadine continued to regard his face intently. When the meeting was over, she was pushed here and there in the crowd so that she did not see the speaker until he was passing out of the door. She heard him remark to his wounded comrade, in a voice in which strong emotion and gentleness were mingled, "If I ever see my dear fairy godmother, Bernadine Rogers, I shall claim her for my own if she will accept a good-for-nothing crippled soldier." She stopped suddenly under a light and almost by instinct he turned and saw her. He was at her side in an instant and whispered to her in a low, eager voice, "Bernadine". With a low, glad cry she welcomed him.

RACHEL L. SCOTT, '20.

TOM GROUCHY.

Don't ever make a friend of Tom Grouchy, but avoid him. How much better it is to smile than to be sad and gloomy. Everyone will like you much better, so avoid Tom. Who likes a friend who is always sighing and pining for what they haven't got? Then it's up to you to have for your motto, Nothing is so bad but what it could be worse." If you are feeling a bit sad, bury your troubles in a corner of your heart, and go out and have a good ramble under the open sky. You will feel a great deal happier to keep smiling, for:

Tom Grouchy is a friend ill met,
Who comes to those of discontent;
He brings to you both fret and sigh,
And in the end he makes you cry.

But if you drive him right away,
And then begin to laugh and play,

You'll find how nice the world can be,
Now just you take a tip from me.

ANNABEL SNOW, '21.

A TRAGEDY (?).

As the train pulled out of the station, there came out of the drizzling rain the closely wrapped form of a man, shielding as much as possible his movements and identity. He leaped to the platform of the moving train and passed through the car as if he were looking for someone. His search was evidently not rewarded in that car, so he passed on to the next. Here he saw a solitary occupant. It was a woman whose appearance told of degradation. The man, still closely cloaked, sat down beside her and spoke in a loud voice, which was necessary to be heard above the roar of the train and storm, which had increased to a great violence.

The woman shrank from him in horror, more from the sight of a shining revolver than from the words, "You know why I am here; you have ruined my life and I am going to pass out of it, but before I go I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you go first!"

He raised the revolver to her head, but lowered it as he saw the face which he had once loved. Seeing his leniency, she gained courage and as he arose she fell to her knees and at his feet entreated him not to kill her, as she was afraid to die. She saw the spell come over him which she had once been accustomed to invoke. Rising quickly, she sprang at him, and as she was the quicker and more supple, she bore him backward against the door of the car. The worn lock gave way, and out together they fell to the platform, out together into the storm, with never a hand to stop them; down together, down into the black waters of a roaring river; locked together, with the fierce glare of hate staring from their glazed eyes, glazed by the horror which was first in their minds beyond the hate for each other; down together into the unknown depths of the river over which they were passing. And the train passed on, and the night was as the night had been.

When the two forms in the water came to the surface, locked together in death as they had been in life, with not even the eye of a star to see them, they were washed out into the open sea.

"Wake up there, Sis! Are you going to sleep all day?"

Thus was Rosa awakened from her nap, to find that she was lying on the ground, where she had fallen from the hammock, and that her little brother was playing a stream of water on her from the garden hose.

"Oh! What a horrid dream I have had," she said as she arose.

ELMER MERRILL, '18.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The haunted house was the dread of the village, and of everyone for miles around. Of late it had been the talk of the village store, as the men assembled there to spend their evenings. It was said that lately either a man or a ghost had been seen walking about the place at midnight, and that all sorts of noises and groans had been heard issuing forth.

Some of the people thought that it was Tom Smith, a village boy, who had fled after stealing money from the village store, but others did not dare to think it possible that a ghost could have carried him away.

This house sat in from the road about three rods. It was large and old-fashioned, of a colonial type, and seemed ready to fall at the least jar. The windows were shattered and what few panes remained chattered as the wind blew upon them. The paint, if such could be distinguished, was mostly worn off, leaving it a dull yellow hue. Around the house grew drooping willows, whose limbs were knotted with age.

One evening in the latter part of spring, three boys had been to a school entertainment, and were just returning about midnight. They had been talking, and as they sauntered along the dark road, and neared the house, all conversation was ceased, and a queer sensation crept up their spines. They walked on in silence until they came in front of the house. Then one boy (Jim, as he was called by his chums, and also the bravest of them) spoke, "Boys, I am sick of being afraid of a shadow. I am going into that house and clear up this mystery. You may come or not, just as you please."

The other boys shrank back in awe at this outburst of bravery, and finally decided to wait for Jim at the head of the lane, while he

started his investigation. Jim set out alone. As he neared the house he took from his pocket a small flashlight, pushed the button, and walked cautiously on. He ascended the rickety steps and opened the door, which swung back on its creaking hinges. He entered fearlessly at first, but as the boards began to creak beneath his feet he began to have a sinking sensation. The room which he entered was low, dark, and close. The dingy corners were covered with cobwebs, and the whole floor was thick with dust. In front of the outside door was the print of a foot, which led in a direct path to a little door partly hidden by the shadow of the corner. He stood silently gazing about him for a few seconds, and then, much to his surprise, he saw the knob move and the door open. Behind the door a smiling face was beckoning to him. He was speechless with terror for a moment, but suddenly a broad "grin" overspread his face, and walking to the door, he turned the knob and soon disappeared from sight.

The next that was seen of him, he was again with his friends, who seemed to be getting no satisfaction to gratify their curiosity from him. All that he would say was, "Where is Tom?"

No one knew what happened to him in the house, but after that when the old house was spoken of, he would laugh and declare that there was certainly some mystery about it.

DORIS MITCHELL, '20.

SLANG.

There is without doubt no other language that is so abused as the English. Some people, English teachers in particular, do not approve of slang, but, for all this, people who do much business must have a knowledge of two languages, the English and the American "slanguage." Each has its uses and abuses.

Slang, so far as it is used in moderation, is a very emphatic and effective language, but, if it is carried too far, it is best to give it up and adopt pure English.

On the other hand, slang becomes very useful, as in Holland a short time ago. Two American diplomats met in a public place, and as one had just received an important message from President Wilson, which the other should know about, he wished to tell it to

him at once, but was afraid to, lest spies should overhear the conversation.

They had begun to talk busily, when a bright idea entered the head of the first diplomat. Using the "choicest" slang of which he was capable, he made his companion aware of the "main guy's" wishes without the slightest danger of detection by the spies, for though they knew several languages, they did not know the American "slanguage."

The English language, like everything else, is constantly changing, and, strange as it may seem, words which are now regarded as pure English were, one hundred years ago, ranked as "slang." It would not be surprising, if in years to come certain "first aid" phrases came to be regarded as a part of the English language.

The American speech reminds me of a verse that I saw lately. It reads as follows:—

"In words as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

R. LEON LEARY, '21.

A CIRCUS PARADE.

The street is lined with people. Each individual struggling, pushing, elbowing his neighbor, to obtain a vantage from where he can better behold the approaching procession.

Soon the head of the advancing column appears round the corner, led by a brass band. The low hum of conversation dies away and a hush falls on the assemblage. An instant later the air is filled with the martial strains of a Sousa march, and the musicians sweep proudly past. There is a ripple of applause from the audience.

Immediately behind them come the elephants, walking sedately after their Indian trainers, their huge bodies swaying from side to side; while the golden fringes of their scarlet robes flutter in the breeze.

After them stride the camels, accoutred in a style that would have made an Emir El Hajj rend his clothes from envy.

Next the immense gilded carts rumble past. The occupants thrust their heads through the bars of their prisons, showing sharp, white teeth and glaring hungrily at the mob, more especially at the small children, who immediately seek refuge behind their mother's skirts and give vent to their emotions in prolonged panicky screams.

But what is this moaning and grumbling that grows louder every minute? Can it be a thunderstorm? No! it is but the notorious steam-organ, without which no circus procession is complete. As it approaches, the noise is simply indescribable; imagine a collection of rural bands at practice, together with the sound of Niagara Falls, combined with an artillery duel on the Somme front, for accompaniment, and you will have a faint idea of this organ.

Finally come the clowns, attired in all sorts of fantastical costumes of every conceivable color. They dance and prance about, laugh and shout, and vie with one another in the art of foolishness.

OTHO BAKER, '18.

A LITTLE PEASANT GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

There are many acts of bravery, heroes, and heroines in this great war that the world will never know about.

In a small village in France lived a little peasant girl, Marie, with her mother and older sister, in a very neat little cottage completely overrun by twining vines and roses. She was ten years old, and had a father and three brothers who were fighting for their beloved country.

As yet the Boche had not invaded this quiet little village. But at last the long-dreaded event happened. A small troop of cavalry, perhaps thirty in number, entered the village, stealing, destroying, burning, and killing the helpless children, the old men and women especially.

Marie was terrified when they entered the village, but when she saw them coming toward her own neat cottage she was shaken with fear, and ran down to the cellar, where she hid behind a hogshhead. Upon the entrance of the frightful Germans she heard her mother and sister scream, and a heavy scuffling overhead ensued. When at last she dared to go upstairs, she would not have known it was the same neat little cottage she had stood in a few minutes before.

Everything was strewn about, the furniture was broken, but the worst of all was that her pretty mother and sister had been carried off by the marauding soldiers.

But being a brave little girl and not used to being idle, she began to prepare her meagre supper, crying softly to herself, "*Ma pauvre chere mère, ma pauvre chere soeur.*" And then, as was her custom, she went upstairs to her little bed, but everything was in confusion, here as well as downstairs. She suddenly noticed a piece of a sheet hanging from under the bed. An idea came to her which made her heart stop beating for a minute. Then quickly snatching and rolling it in a bundle she went downstairs, where, after some hunting about, she found some yellow cambric, which she rolled into two long strips, resembling horns, and placed them in her bundle with some pins and a colored crayon. Then she sat down to wait for darkness.

When Marie thought it was sufficiently dark so that she would not be seen, she stole softly out of the door, went hurriedly around the house and across the road, where she waited with a beating heart to see if anyone had discovered her. Then she crossed the field into the cemetery, all the time whispering to herself, "*Chere mère, chere soeur, j'ecommisare vous.*" The Germans' camp was just the other side of the cemetery.

With trembling hands, she unwrapped the sheets, for if they should discover her it would mean certain death. This was her plan. She knew how very superstitious the Germans were, so she planned to dress as a ghost and with a shrill whistle, which she had learned at school by placing two fingers in her mouth, to frighten the burly soldiers.

At last, after she had wrapped herself in the sheet, she pinned the yellow horns in place and with her crayon drew two red rings about the holes around her eyes. She crept as near the enemy's huts as she dared, to wait for them to retire. It seemed to her that they never would, but at last most of the soldiers left their campfire, but they set a guard on duty.

A little while later she mounted a gravestone and blew shrilly with her fingers. Of course it awakened the whole camp. The men, swearing at the interrupted sleep, rushed out, but upon beholding this spectre standing on the gravestone, they seemed stupefied. It

seemed ages to Marie that they stood there, for she could not tell whether they would come toward her or flee, but seeing another gravestone she jumped lightly onto this with a low moan. This seemed to be the final signal. They could not saddle their horses fast enough, but at last they were ready to escape. Then, when the last man had galloped away, Marie ran swiftly forward, and after some exploring found her mother and sister tied in a tent. She quickly loosed the thongs which bound them.

It would be impossible to tell their gratefulness toward this little daughter and sister. But when daylight came they knew the Germans would probably return, so they decided to go farther to the interior, where they could not be recaptured.

HELEN E. BAKER, '20.

School Events.

THE NEW PIANO.

Over a year was spent in talking about a new piano to take the place of the well-remembered, tuneless, and square instrument which was given a suitable position in the basement during the summer vacation. In the fall, the Girls' Club started the piano fund by giving an entertainment. The piano was not a reality, though, until the Seniors came forward with a gift of twenty-five dollars. Then followed the trips to various music dealers to choose the much longed-for piano. One afternoon it was brought to the schoolhouse, with a crowd of eager members of S. H. S. watching the process. Then what a range of musical talent was displayed in our midst! Everyone seemed to be able to play a tune, or at least hum the air of "Over There," one of the favorite selections. The Seniors again added to the fund the sum of twenty-five dollars. Too much credit cannot be given to this class for their generosity, their loyalty, and their co-operation in all the activities of the high school. Let the other classes follow the splendid example of 1918 and have no piano debt next year! We all enjoy the piano, don't we?

COOKING AND HOUSEKEEPING CLUB.

A new course was introduced in the school curriculum for 1917-1918, called Domestic Arts. The first term was devoted to sewing, during which time class aprons with S. H. S. embroidered in red, and various samples of the plain and embroidery stitches were made. During the winter months, cooking lessons were given. Each Tuesday afternoon the class went to the Red Men's Hall, where the girls cooked muffins or cake in their new oil range.

About this time Miss Ellis, from the University of Maine, came to the school to tell us about the club work for boys and girls. Some of the girls voted to form a Cooking and Housekeeping Club for the remainder of the year. It was also voted to allow the girls from the eighth grade to join the Club. Miss MacGregor was chosen the local leader, while Helen Baker was elected president, and Ruth Heald the secretary and treasurer.

The cooking utensils were later brought to the schoolhouse, so that the remaining lessons were taught there during school hours. The object of this club is to teach the girls the value of different foods and how to prepare wholesome and appetizing meals. The girls have specific duties to perform each week, even a certain amount of housework, as sweeping, and washing the dishes, on which the mothers rank them, an A to D, according to the result. In the last part of June, the club is planning to have a contest to exhibit their work. It is hoped that the club will increase interest among the girls to do their home duties better and with more enjoyment. Furthermore, we believe this is a first step toward a course in Domestic Science, a much-needed and excellent addition to all progressive high schools. Surely the standard of Scarboro High has risen rapidly the past few years, and the good work must be kept up.

Sept. 28. The first pleasurable event after the opening of school last fall was the social given by the Sophomore Class for the rest of the school at the Town Hall, Oak Hill, on the evening of September 28, 1917. This was attended by the entire school and faculty. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all. Refreshments of home-made candy, cake and cocoa were served by the entertaining class.

Oct. 11. In the evening of October 11th the Girls' Club, under the direction of Miss MacGregor, gave a very interesting entertainment in the Knights of Pythias Hall, Oak Hill. There was music by the school orchestra, vocal solos by Florence Beckwith and Mrs. Small, a vocal duet by Rachel Scott and Doris Mitchell, and a piano duet by Abbie Small and Ethel Foster. Novel features of the program were the topsy-turvy song and dance given by all the girls, and an accordion solo, with encores, by Adelaide Temm. A one-act play, "The Old Ladies' Home," gained much applause. The characters were taken by Ethel Foster, Nellie Hudson, Ruth Heald, and Helen Dyer. After the entertainment, games and dancing were enjoyed. Fifteen dollars were earned by the girls for the piano fund.

Oct. 18. Mayor Chapman of Portland spoke before the school on the subject of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, and urged us all to be very careful and thrifty with our money.

Nov. 2. On this day the teachers in the Oak Hill School entertained the other teachers of Scarboro at the High School building. A feature of the program was a long talk by Mr. Shaw of Shaw's Business College on "Honesty in Business" as found in the history of his school. It was very interesting and convincing.

In the afternoon of November 2, the Scarboro Agricultural Clubs had their meeting at the Knights of Pythias Hall, Oak Hill. Here the results of the summer's club work were on exhibition, garden produce, corn, potatoes, hens and pigs. The essays of the various members were read, speeches were made by County Agents Mr. Smith and Miss Ellis, by the town leader, Mr. Heald, by Rev. Mr. Colby and Principal Small. Then the prizes were awarded by Mr. Smith, the money for these prizes being given by the Scarboro Board of Trade, the North Scarboro Grange, and interested citizens.

The next week, November 9 and 10, the members of the Agricultural Clubs of Cumberland County were entertained by the business men in Portland, being shown the sights of the town, entertained at an organ concert by Mr. Macfarlane, and at the various theatres and moving picture shows, and at the hotels by the patriotic business men of the city. All of the members of the Scarboro Clubs took prizes for their products and essays, and Leon Lary was entered for the State contest in the pig clubs at the University of Maine. His

essay was so entertaining that he was asked to read it before the Rotary Club, the members of which were delighted with the story of his pig, "named Kaiser Bill, so he would not be sorry to kill it."

The prizes taken by the Agricultural Clubs of Scarboro are as follows:—

	<i>Scarboro Prizes.</i>	<i>Country Prizes.</i>	<i>Other Prizes.</i>
Sweet Corn Club:			
(3) Harold Green	\$1.50	\$6.00	
(4) Clarence Lary	1.25	5.00	\$9.00
Poultry Club:			(Gorham Fair)
(3) Harriet Knight	1.50	3.00	
Small Garden Club:			
(3) Stephen Larrabee	1.50	3.00	
(3) James Wright	1.25	3.00	
(3) Norman Laughton	1.00	3.00	
Pig Club:			
(1) Leon Lary	1.50	5.00	1.00
			(U. of M.)
(3) Viola Lary	1.25	3.00	
(4) Ruth Heald	1.00	2.00	
(4) Violette Roberts	1.00	2.00	
Totals	\$12.75	\$35.00	\$10.00

The figures in () refer to the prize taken in the Cumberland County contest.

This makes a total of \$57.75 taken in prize money by the school children of Scarboro. Of this, \$35.50 was taken by members of the Scarboro High School, namely:

Clarence Lary	\$15.25
Harriet Knight	4.50
Norman Laughton	4.00
Leon Lary	7.50
Viola Lary	4.25
	<hr/>
	\$35.50

Spurred by the success of last year, and urged by their patriotic duty this year, many more are entering the clubs than last year, so we expect that the members of Scarboro High School will bring home more laurels from the contests this fall.

Nov. 10. In the evening of November 10th, many of the students gathered at Oak Hill and then gave Dana and Laurence Charles a surprise party at their home on the Saco road. This was a gathering to wish them success in their change of residence to Hill, N. H.

Nov. 15. At the opening exercises of the school this morning, Mr. Barnes of the Y. M. C. A. spoke on the topic, "100,000 Boys at \$10 Each," in which he told of the wonderful work that organization is doing among the soldiers in Europe and in this country. He then asked the boys of Scarboro High School to earn ten dollars each during the winter and give it to the Y. M. C. A. Five boys nobly and patriotically responded. They were Otho Baker, Fred Richardson, Raymond Libby, Harold Emmons and Mertrude Emerson. It would be an interesting story for each to tell how he earned his ten dollars, by working on the farm, trapping muskrats, digging clams, or giving entertainments. Rev. Mr. Colby and Lester Waterhouse, the local leaders of the Boy Scouts, also gave short addresses.

Dec. 12. Mr. Josiah W. Taylor of the State Department of Education visited the High School and inspected the various departments and classes. He was well pleased with much of the work and was especially interested in the physical drill given by the boys.

Nov. 23. The Juniors presented the play "How Jim Made Good," at the K. of P. Hall. The parts were very well taken, and a sum of \$35.00 was netted for the Athletic Association. The cast was as follows:—

Eben Lovejoy	Rudolph Douglas, '19
Jim Jones	Melville Johnson, '19
Walter Wayne	Elden Merrill, '19
Steve Hammond	Herman Leonard, '19
Si Staples	Almon Young, '19
Jabez Elder }	
A tramp }	Herman Rounds, '19
Mrs. Lovejoy	Ama Seavey, '19
Lucy Lovejoy	Ethel Foster, '20
Cora Harlow	Abbie Small, '20

Dec. 21. The Seniors gave their annual Fair and Drama at the K. of P. Hall. The booths were unusually attractive this year, both in the decorations and the fancy articles, aprons, candy and the various articles for guessing which were displayed. Dancing and

games were enjoyed until a late hour, and everyone said that it was a most enjoyable and successful affair. The proceeds amounted to \$106.00, which went towards the Senior's fund for Commencement. As the Seniors have gained quite a reputation along this line, the parts were taken creditably. The cast of characters was as follows:

Richard Ford	Elmer Merrill, '18
Mollie	Doris Fogg, '18
Robert Shepard	Elden Merrill, '19
May Ten Eyck	Otho Baker, '18
Dorothy March	Ruth Lincoln, '18
June Haverhill	Clara Seavey, '18
John Hume	Melville Johnson, '19

Feb. 12. A short program with patriotic music and speeches was observed in honor of Lincoln's birthday. Rev. R. H. Colby gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "Lincoln, the Man and His Character," which was enjoyed by all.

"A SEND-OFF."

On June 3, 1918, Scarboro High School invited the boys who were already in the service of their country and those about to join, as well as the graduates, to attend the regular session of the school. After an observation of the classwork, there was an assembly in the main room, where the following program was carried out. The High School Orchestra furnished several selections, together with patriotic songs by the school. Then followed interesting remarks on the war and its relation to the school by Rev. R. H. Colby, Dr. Wentworth, Mr. Heald, Mr. Bessey, and former members of the school. All the boys were called upon to make their little speech, but as Otis Leary said, "One thing a sailor couldn't do was to make a speech," which applied to him. Roland Seavey, a former member of the school board, Dwight Libby, '13, Otis Leary, '14, and Carl Carter, were the honored boys.

After the program, an informal hour followed in Room B, which was decorated with American flags and lilacs. A great deal of mystery and entertainment was furnished the school during the early hours to see various people sweeping, dusting, and washing

the room. Everyone remarked on the change that took place from our everyday class room. The class in Domestic Science made fudge and served hot chocolate and cake. During the social hour that followed, the boys entertained us by giving a description of their life in the army and navy and what they expected to do. This will remain as one of our most pleasant school events.

CLARA SEAVEY, 1918.

Athletics.

When school opened last fall the Athletic situation was a brilliant one. We had lost only three active players, Ben Higgins, Carl Carter, and Reddy Gower, through the previous graduation.

Our first team was composed of veteran players, mostly two-year men, all good players and heavy athletes. The line-up was as follows: Lawrence Charles, Elden Merrill, Dan Carter, c, Melville Johnson, Almon Young.

We also had material for a second team to be used as substitutes for the first. This line-up was H. Rounds, D. Charles, H. Sargent, H. Leonard, R. Douglas, C. Leary, J. Libby, W. Larrabee and P. Bowley. But our hopes were doomed for disappointment, for Lawrence and Dana Charles moved to Hill, N. H. Then Elden Merrill, Dan Carter, Herman Leonard and Rudolph Douglas left school. Joshua Libby and Wesley Larrabee soon followed these, leaving us scarcely able to secure enough players for any good practice.

The Athletic Association, composed almost entirely of S. H. S. Alumni, kindly offered their assistance in practice work, and with the help of one of their players ended our season by successfully defeating Windham High School. What the next year's outlook will bring in Athletics at this school is a matter of conjecture. Almon Young will also be among the missing, for he intends to enter Deering High School. We will not lose any basketball players by graduation.

The Girls' team was this year composed of entirely new players, of which they will lose but one through graduation. The girls played

but four games, and although they may have been unfortunate in selecting Freeport, one of the heaviest and fastest teams in the State as an opponent, yet from these girls they learned much valuable information concerning basketball. All Souls' Church was their other opponent. The Girls' Team consisted of the following players: Ruth Lincoln, sc, Capt., Alma Seavey, rg, Rachel Scott, lg, Elizabeth Newcomb, c, Muriel Ploughman, sc, Doris Mitchell, g. Several other girls reported for practice, and with the same enthusiasm which the Girls' Team showed this season, the outlook is good for another season. We wish to thank the townspeople for the generous support they have shown to both teams.

Our games were as follows:

Scarboro High 41, Scarboro A. C. 67.

S. H. S.	Goals.	Fouls.	Points	SCARBORO A. C.	Goals.	Fouls.	Points
Rounds, rf	13	5	31	Wentworth, c	0	2	2
Lary, lf	3	0	6	M. Lary, lf	3	1	7
Sargent, c	1	0	2	Gower, rf	15	0	30
Bowley, rg	0	0	0	Merrill, rg	8	0	16
Larrabee, lg	1	0	2	Burnham, lg	3	0	6
—	—	—	—	Higgins, lf	3	0	6
18	5	41		—	—	—	
				32	3	67	

In a game in which the Athletic Association matched the High School, Rounds played an exceptionally good game for the school, while Gower and Merrill were the shining lights for the A. C.

Scarboro High 30, Windham High 13.

Although several other games were played by the school, by far the best work by the boys in basketball was displayed when the High School defeated Windham High. With the consent of the opposing team H. Wentworth played center for our boys, and a more evenly matched and interesting game has seldom been seen in our hall.

S. H. S.	Goals.	Fouls.	Points	WINDHAM HIGH	Goals.	Fouls.	Points
Rounds, rf	4	0	8	Pierce, rf	0	0	0
Young, lf	3	2	8	Hawkes, lf	4	1	9
Wentworth, c	5	0	10	Nash, c	1	0	2

Merrill, rg	2	0	4	Arkins, rg	0	0	0
Johnson, lg	0	0	0	Manchester, c	1	0	2
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	14	2	30		6	1	13

BASEBALL.

Baseball has suffered even more than basketball this year. Of last year's new players, only four are in school at the present. By the graduation of Carl Carter and Ben Higgins we lost both a pitcher and a catcher, but supposed ourselves very fortunate in having left at school Lawrence Charles, an expert catcher, and his brother, Dana, a pitcher considered of the same quality as Carter, and having alternated with him in last year's games, but with the removal of these two boys we faced a gap hard to fill. However, we are out to *win*, and with the help of our principal shall endeavor to develop the material which we have. Baker and Lary will probably alternate as pitchers, although Sargent is looked upon as a possible substitute. Elmer Rounds will probably do the most of the catching; a number of substitutes have been tried out, and it is hoped that a fast team may be secured by making every man work to keep his place. So far we have played two games. Although we were defeated in both, we hope to build up a winning team for next year.

Thornton Academy 18, Scarboro High School 5.

H. Rounds, lf	E. Bessey, 2b
H. Sargent, cf	M. Johnson, 1b
B. Bowley, rf	C. Lary, p
C. Nelson, ss	E. Rounds, c
O. Baker, 3b	

Scarboro High School 11, Thornton Academy 16.

H. Rounds, lf	E. Bessey, 2b
L. Lary, cf	M. Johnson, 1b
P. Bowley, rf	C. Lary, p
O. Baker, 3b	E. Rounds, c

Scarboro High School 1, Old Orchard 12.

E. Rounds, c	H. Rounds, ss
O. Baker, p	F. Richardson, cf

M. Johnson, 1b	C. Baker, lf
B. Higgins, 2b	H. Sargent, rf
P. Bowley, 3b	

In a game with a picked team with Thornton Academy, we were defeated by a small score. The line-up was as follows:

E. Rounds, c	E. Merrill, 2b	P. Bowley, cf
H. Rounds, p	F. Cummings, 3b	F. Richardson, rf
H. Sargent, 1b	L. Lary, ss	C. Nielson, lf

We thought that two teams would be better than one. So that we could play a series of games, H. Rounds and M. Johnson were elected Captains. Our first game of the series came out in favor of H. Rounds, the score being 10-7. The lineup was as follows:

ROUND'S TEAM

P. Bowley
H. Rounds
C. Nielson
E. Bessey
E. Wilman
M. Emerson
R. Libby

M. JOHNSON'S TEAM

E. Rounds
M. Johnson
H. Sargent
A. Libby
C. Baker
C. Seavey
F. Richardson

Slams.

THE LITTLE FRESHMAN.

When I was a little Freshman
I had an ugly teacher.
If you made just a little noise
I know she'd gladly beat yer.

She said a boy had taken
An answer from the book.
"Go get some glasses," he replied,
"And take another look."

I'm very willing to admit
He had a lot of "face."
But wouldn't you have done the same

If you'd been in his place?

R. LEON LEARY, '21.

Miss Mac., in Eng. III.: "You may read, Young." (Seavey continues to read from where he had left off.)

Miss M.: "Are you Young?" looking at Seavey.

"Yes," he replied.

One day last fall the Principal was driving around Prout's Neck, when he was stopped by the superintendent of the golf grounds and was asked if he wanted to see how his graduates worked.

He replied, "Yes, because I am always glad to know how my students make out."

"Well, do you see that bare spot near the foot of that tree?"

"Yes, nice and shady, isn't it?"

"Last June I hired one of your graduates to work on the course, and set him to mow the lawns. That spot was as far as he ever got. He was the bravest man I have ever seen,—because he could go to sleep standing up in front of work and never move an eyelid."

Who is it?

EVENTS NOT FOR PRINCIPAL'S EYES.

"If you don't want to get caught, don't do nothing." (A Sophomore's wisdom.)

Charlie Seavey, a Junior, found by the principal in the hallway, hurriedly asks Miss MacGregor for the Ivanhoe lesson (Freshman study).

Adelaide Temm—laying out the law before Miss MacGregor—makes a hasty exit.

E. Merrill and C. Seavey in hallway, rehearsing for drama.

M. J. and A. S. always in the empty rooms.

Harold Sargent: "Hank? Hah?"

E. Foster: "Scalp someone alive." Hasty exit.

HERMAN AND THE ORANGE.

Oh Herman Rounds was a very bad boy,

And a very bad boy was he;

He stole an orange away from a girl,

And would not let it be.

But he tossed it up and played ball,
With Chester Baker did he;
I tell you when they got through,
It was a sight to see.

BASHFUL FRESHMAN.

There is a bashful Freshman,
Who's afraid of a certain girl;
And every time he sees her,
It makes his hair just curl.

TERRIBLE SOPHOMORE.

There is a terrible Sophomore,
That makes us all quake;
He jumps out from behind doors,
And surely is a fake.

SLEEPY JUNIOR.

Lanky Rounds is tall and slim,
And very sleepy, too;
For every time you look at him,
Why you feel sleepy, too.

SEDATE SENIOR.

Otto Baker is a Senior sedate,
You really ought to see the faces he can make;
And the things that he can do,
Are too good to be true.

Why does Miss L., '18, like to change electric cars?
Was "Macbeth" the tragedy the Seniors saw? Where was Baker?
Miss L.: "Doris, have you everything for the wedding?" (Meaning graduation.)

Miss F.: "Yes, everything but the groom."

Heard in Latin II: "Neilson, are you following your translation?"

"No, but I'm on the track."

Teacher in French: "Richardson, why haven't you your French?"

Richardson: "Well, I'm spending a great deal of time on it."

Teacher: "How?"

Richardson (producing the book): "I've been sitting on it."

Teacher in Science: "Is a meal of nut salad and whipped cream pie balanced? What does the nut salad give you?"

Class: "Proteids and some fat?"

Teacher: "What does the cream pie give you?"

R. D., '19: "Stomach ache."

Teacher, in English IV: "Why did Johnson fear death?"

R. L., '18: "Because he didn't know where he was going when he died."

The Freshmen are leaving Room B on the first day of school and aimlessly making their way to the main room or any other place. A Junior spys them and hums, "Where do we go from here, boys?"

WHERE WAS MOSES?

Two boys had gathered three bags of chestnuts (from forbidden trees), and after getting them away without detection, carried one bagful into a cemetery, where they could divide them in peace, leaving the other two bags at the gate.

An old negro, hearing them saying, "I'll take this one," and "I'll take that one," and seeing no one about, became very frightened, and rushing up to a white man said in terror-stricken tones, "De Lord and de debbil am dividing up de daid people down in de graveyard."

Much surprised, the white man followed the negro to the gate, just in time to hear the boys say, "Now we'll take those two out there by the gate."

LES TAPES ET LES COUPES.

Les A, B, C, de S. H. S.

A stands for Agnes, a studious young maid,

Who gets all her lessons and is well repaid.

B stands for Baker, Chester by name,

The rogue of the school, who deserves a switch for his pains.

C stands for Clara, a winsome young lass,

Who acts as the heroine in our fine dramas passed.

D stands for the two Dorises, both demure and sedate,

They play their part well, which is given them by fate.

E stands for Elmer, one a Senior so fine,

But alas! the other keeps not his lessons in line.

F stands for Fred, the Sophomore boy

Who flirts with the girls and is always making toys.
G stands for *Goodness*, a quality so rare,
But is found in abundance among the Freshman girls fair.
H stands for Helen, known as the minister's daughter,
A good girl to work and one to lead us to laughter.
I stands for I, a miserable wretch,
Who spends all my time in writing this sketch.
J stands for Johnson, Mel, if you please,
Who is willing to "show off" if you'll only tease.
K stands for Knight, a girl so tall,
Who belongs to the Freshmen and doesn't mind it at all.
L stands for Leon, the next boy in line,
Who raises prize pigs and writes "A" themes all the time.
M stands for Mertrude, who twitches and tumbles,
Until he knows not whether he's a boy or a bundle.
N stands for Norman, "a quiet youth," you say,
Oh, no, he wears a winning smile the livelong day.
O stands for Otho, our artist so rare,
Who amuses us continually as if we were at a fair.
P stands for Philip, a wise young Soph.,
Who now studies his lessons, for he's afraid of the prof.
Q stands for quiet, but not for Sargent, you see,
For he's as noisy in school as a bumble bee.
R stands for Ruth, one of our dignified members,
A girl of many brains and charming manners.
S stands for Small, whose name is not suitable,
As Abbie stands highest, for in all studies she's capable.
T stands for Temm, our Adelaide dear,
Who says what she means and is humorous, no fear.
U stands for You, the readers so weary,
Have patience, dear friends, and just be cheery.
V stands for Velma, the girl with dark eyes,
Who is always so quiet but lets nothing fly by.
W stands for Wilman, the symbol of fun,
The brunt of the teachers' and the pupils' tongues.
X Y Z stand for unknown quantities, so dear to the algebra student,
They will take in all the rest of you, if you're not prudent.

Alumni Notes.

June 17, 1918.

Editor Four Corners:

The Scarboro High School Alumni Association now has a good beginning in that quite a few members have been enrolled. We have not pushed the organization the last year owing to the many unusual things we have been obliged to meet. I talked over the matter of a banquet this spring with some of the Alumni and the general opinion was that we ought not to meet this year. So the year has passed without our usual meeting. I do wish, however, that anyone interested in the school would consider this an invitation to join the Association. You can send your subscription to Miss Emma Wentworth. In this way we'll help in forming a large association.

L. H. LIBBY.

—1917—

Carl Carter has joined the 3rd Maine Regiment.

Millard Gower is in service at Fort Williams.

Ruth Bowley completed a course at Sawyer's Shorthand School and is at present a stenographer at Macphersons.

Mildred Hudson is studying at Gray's Business College.

Vida Higgins is central operator at Scarboro.

Gladys Wilman is a student at South Lancaster Academy.

—1916—

Eleanor Harmon is attending Gorham Normal School.

Nellie Hudson is at home.

Raymond Sargent is a carpenter.

Herbert Wentworth and Richard Libby are farming.

—1915—

Bessie Meyers is stenographer at Rines Bros.

Elsie Spear-Coates is a yeoman in the navy.

Gladys Urquhart is a stenographer.

Helen Leonard is a stenographer.

Myron Libby is a chauffeur for Shaw.

Otis Leary is in the naval service.

Lucretia Sargent is teaching school.

—1914—

Raymond Leary is in a training camp in the South.
Ruth Scammons is at home.

—1913—

Emma Wentworth and Elva Gilman are teaching school at Bleek Point.

Dwight Libby is at Camp Jackson, South Carolina.

A POLAR CALAMITY—A BAKESPEARE SONNET.

Once in the far off frigid Arctic clime,
There lived a gentle lonely polar bear.
He thought it would be exquisitely sublime
If he could shed his shaggy coat of hair.
So off he went into a barber's shop
And there was manicured and closely shaved.
Then home across the ice he gayly flopped,
Back to his little old beloved cave.
Alas! the wind blew exceedingly cold,
And then he became suddenly aware
That no matter if he *was* pretty bold
He was extremely cold without his hair,
And that no self-respecting polar bear
Would ever venture out entirely bare.

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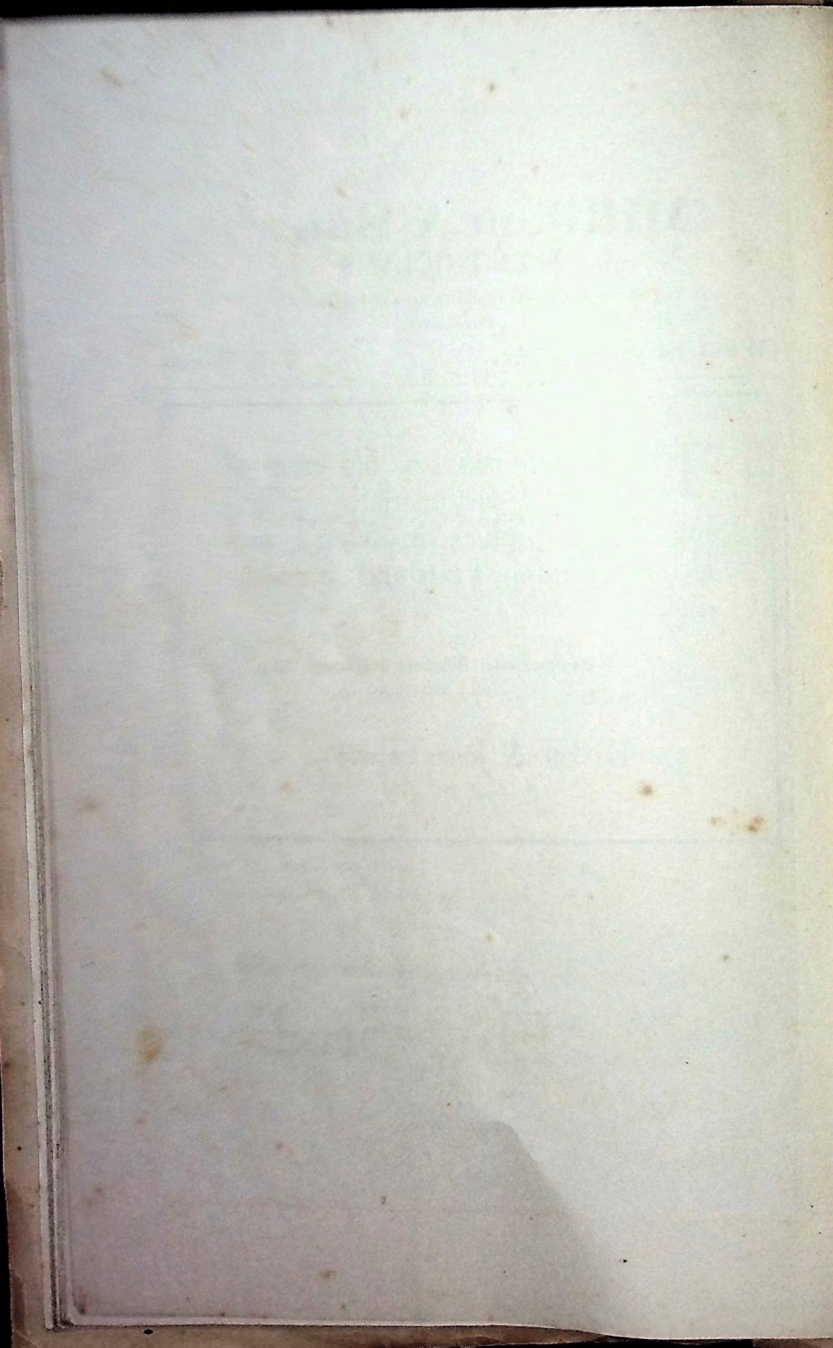
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